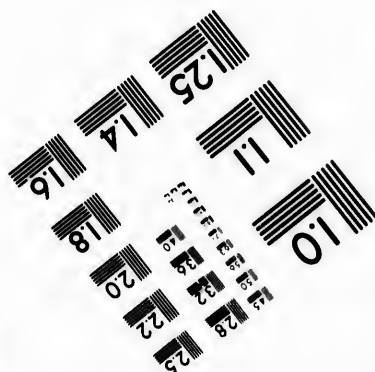
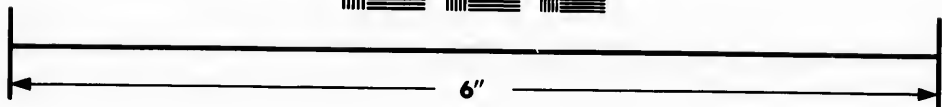
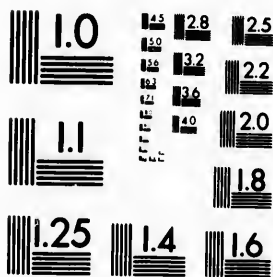


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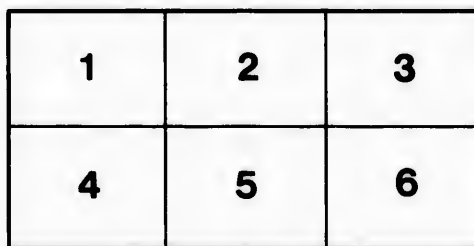
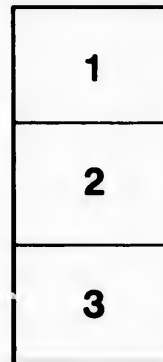
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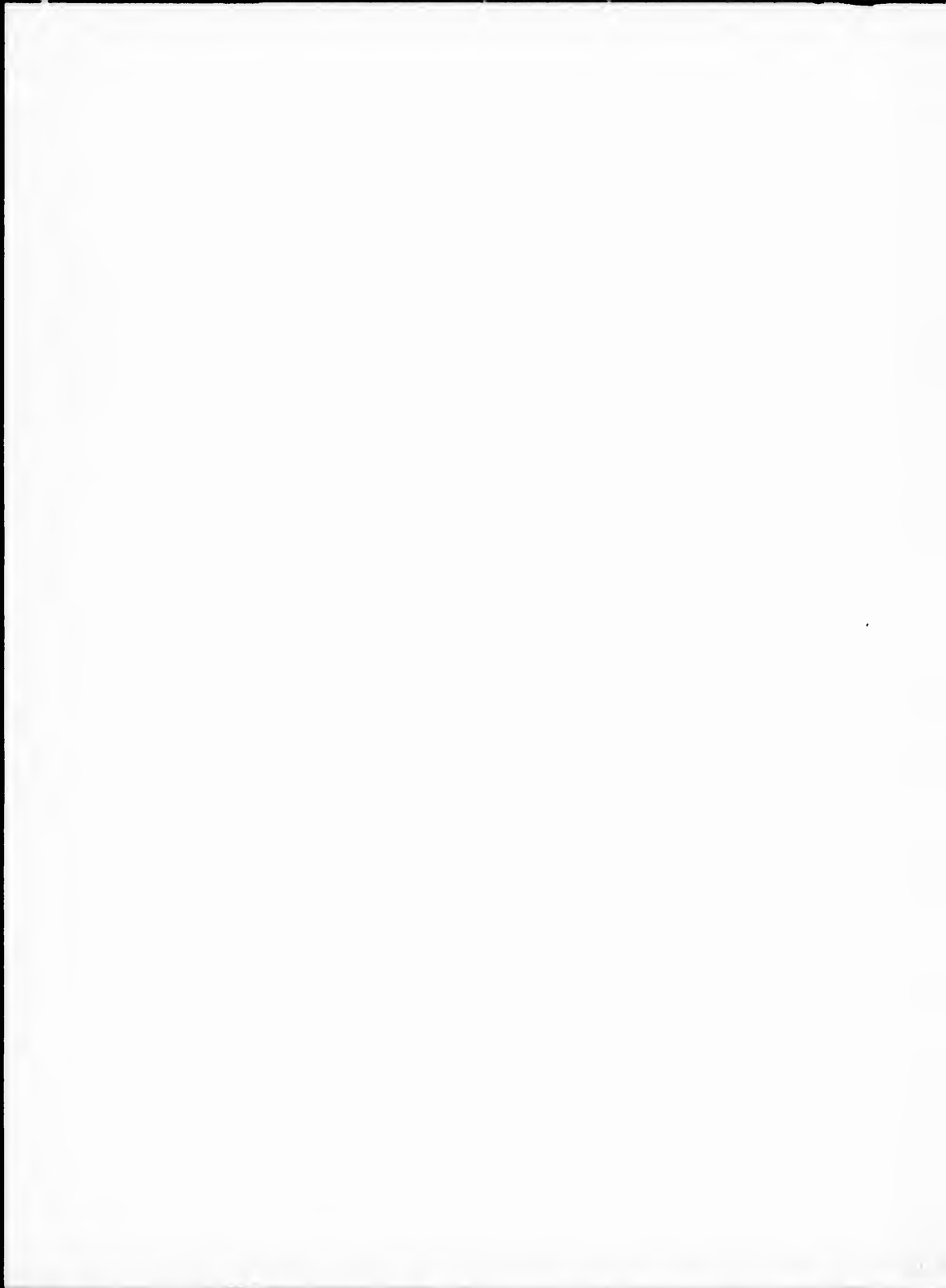
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# ENGLISH CHIMES

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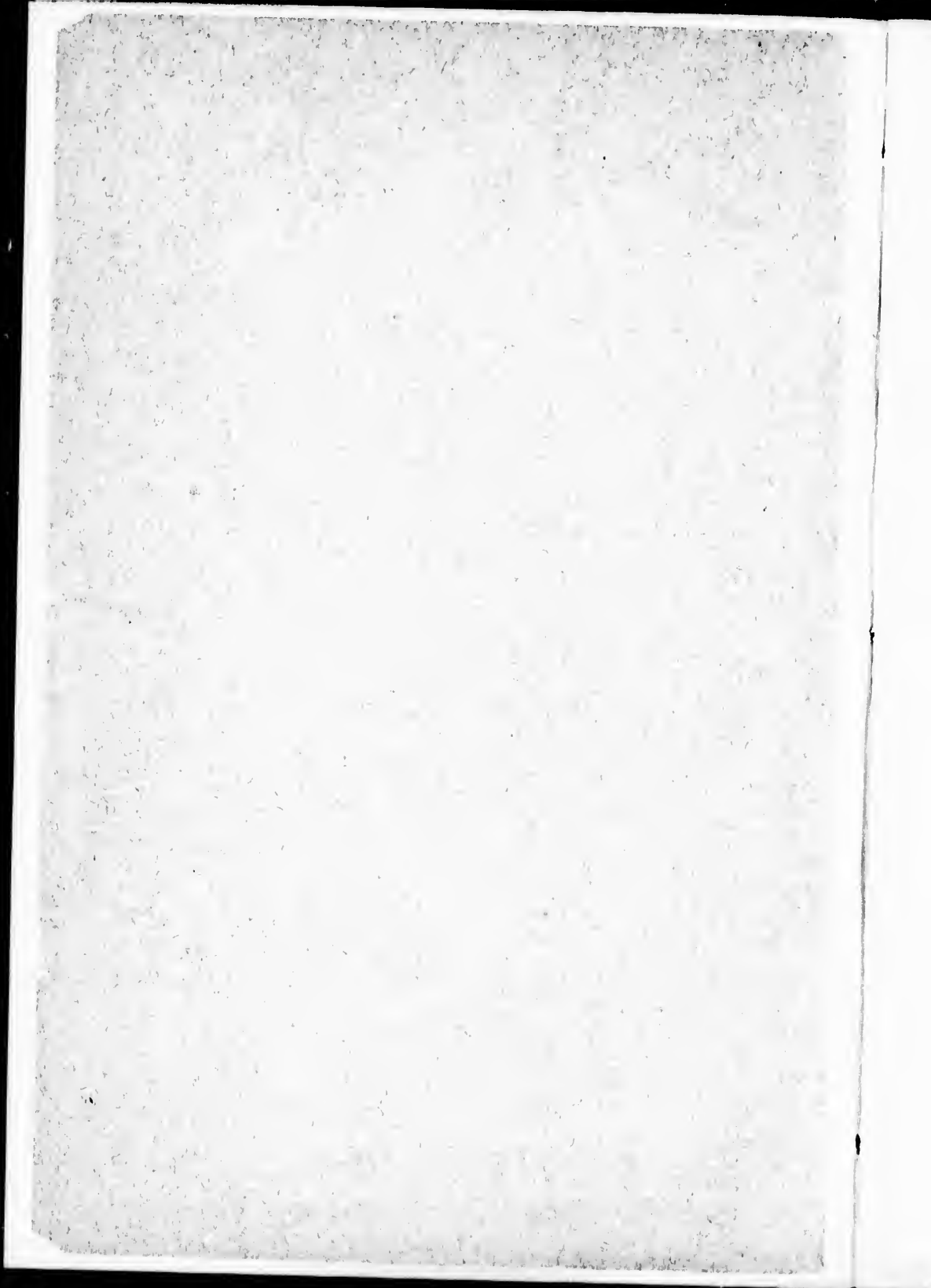
HENRY SCADDING, D.D.,

CANON OF St. JAMES, TORONTO

TORONTO

PRINTED AT THE GUARDIAN BOOK AND JOB OFFICE, 4 COURT STREET

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## ENGLISH CHIMES IN CANADA.\*

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In 1792, what we now call the Province of Ontario was a tangled wilderness; as much so as the unoccupied parts of Manitoba and Keewaytin are at this moment; and much more difficult of access than they are. And now, in little more than three-quarters of a century, what do we see? We see everywhere in the regions earliest settled, a country all but transformed into a second England.

Travel where you will, in the Niagara District, in the Home District, in the domain ruled over from 1803 to 1853 by the ever-to-be-remembered pioneer, Colonel Talbot; in the tract opened up by the never-to-be-forgotten Commissioner of the Canada Company, John Galt, and his equally memorable co-labourer and "warden of the forests," Dr. Dunlop; in the quarters settled by Mr. Peter Robinson's emigrants; in the parts first reclaimed from a state of nature by the gallant Glengarry highlanders: travel where you will in any of these parts, now, and you are startled by the change which human industry, and energy, and perseverance have wrought; startled with the magnificent aggregate result of individual isolated labour.

The saying has been fulfilled: "In due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not." The "due season" has come; if not to the toilers themselves in every instance, it has come to us of the generation that has followed them. Clearing has now touched clearing. Settlement has met settlement. Fair farms are spread out before the view, as on a gigantic plan or map. Broad spaces are to be seen ploughed over with mathematical precision; the perfect parallelism of the furrows, and long drill-sown lines of grain, causing them to seem, by a curious illusion of perspective, to be

\* Read in St. James's School-room, Toronto, March 15th, 1880, at a meeting held to promote a projected enlargement of the four dials of the clock in St. James's steeple.

in the act of radiating off, like the spokes of a wheel, from a centre in the distance, as the spectator is borne swiftly past them in the train. Countless fields, all smooth and clean: here, grass and meadow; there, wheat, rye, the stately maize, and cereals of every name; with pulse, roots, gourds, esculents of every form; acres of garden; acres of nursery ground; acres of apple-orchard; in favoured regions, acres of peach-orchard and acres of vineyard; acres of enclosures for the lesser fruits—the numerous summer or winter berries.

And in keeping with these scenes of plenty and advancement, there are the solid homestead dwellings distributed plentifully about, almost everywhere now in view of each other; each with its roomy surroundings of spacious sheds, granaries, stabling, and cattle-housings; and often its tasteful pleasure-grounds, its tree-shadowed avenue of approach, its handsome entrance-gates. Add vehicles for locomotion, cleverly adapted to their several purposes; and public highways, broad and well-kept, graced here and there with a survivor of the primitive wood, less frequently, perhaps, than one might desire, assuming now grand dimensions and a picturesque venerableness.

What are all these things but so many reproductions of, and in some respects improvements on, the old mother-land, only under a sky more cloudless, amidst an air more transparent? But how many ages were destined to roll over the primeval hills and dales of that mother-land, before its sons and daughters were in the enjoyment of anything like the refinements, the household comfort, the facilities for neighbourly intercourse which their late descendants have managed to surround themselves with, on this new continent, in less than one century?

It is a pleasant and a proud thing to call to mind, too, that not only here, on this North American continent, but throughout the habitable globe, wherever the colonist from the Britannic islands has obtained a foothold, a like successful subjugation of the earth, a like happy adornment of its surface, a like conversion of its products into material wealth, and appliances for a worthy human life, have been going quietly on; until there, also, as well as here, the general result is equally startling.

And now, finally, throughout the vast and varied area of this Greater Britain which has thus developed itself, one more trait,

a crowning one, of the Lesser Britain, has of late years been here and there added.

England, we are assured, long ago acquired the pleasant epithet of "merry," from its bells, rung with peculiar science, skill, and taste, at stated times on week-days and on Sundays, in almost every one of her countless towers. (Continental Europe, we know, has its bells; but they are there, as a rule, handled in a tumultuous, disorderly, inharmonious way. I speak, of course, not of the celebrated *carillons à clarier* of Belgium and other regions, but of peals in the English sense.) The English, for 300 years at least, have transformed bell-ringing into a regular Art or Mystery. It has had amongst them its guilds for the cultivation of the Art; as, for example, the ancient "Society of College Youths," in whose ranks Sir Matthew Hale is said to have rung, and other men of great note. It has its own technical terms, indicative of the ingenuity and intricacy of its processes:

"From Eight alone  
The musical Bob-major can be heard;  
Caters with tenors behind, on Nine they ring;  
On Ten, Bobs-royal; from Eleven, Cinques;  
And the Bob-maximus results from Twelve."

Its literature, also—the literature of Bell-ringing—is considerable. The English work entitled "Campanologia," treating copiously on this subject, first published in 1677, appeared for the third time, enlarged and improved, in 1733. Lukis's book, and Gatty's, and Lomax's, on the Bell, are late contributions; as are also the interesting treatises by Sir Edmund Beckett and Mr. James W. Benson on this subject, and the kindred one, of Public Clocks.

The ringing of Tower bells by means of cords and levers, now enables one man to execute a peal. The full power of the bell is not brought out in this way, and orthodox ringers cannot but be expected to look with great disdain on the contrivance. But the convenience accruing to congregations and vestries is obvious.

And now, as I have said, the finishing touch to the general likeness to England has been given to Canada by the introduction there, in several localities, of chimes or peals, musically adjusted, so that the proper permutations or changes can be rung upon them by human hands, either directly or through the intervention of keys.

Time was, some forty years ago, when among the chiefest of the pleasures anticipated from a visit to the "old country," as we speak, was the hearing once more of a peal of bells, rung in the "old country" scientific way. The emigrant, after long years of absence, not only desired to see again the old grey tower whose shadow fell upon the graves of his relatives and former friends and neighbours, but he yearned, also, to hear the pleasant sounds from its belfry, which charmed him in his childhood; and it is believed that in not a few instances a toilsome, costly, and perilous expedition to the mother-country was undertaken mainly to gratify this sentimental longing of the heart.

Who can forget the experiences of those days? What native of the ancient city of York, in England, for example, after an exile of twenty or thirty years in the very humble Canadian town of the same name, but carried with him to his dying day a vivid remembrance of the exquisite moment when he heard once more the Minster bells? The like may be said, of course, of many an emigrant in the olden time from Canterbury, from Worcester, from Shrewsbury, from Leeds, from the Lincolnshire Boston, from Croydon, from Saffron Walden, and a crowd of other towns famous for their peals of bells.

Or to speak of the same kind of gratification on a narrower scale and in obscurer place: how deep, how real was the joy, even to tears, when, after painful tossings on the ocean, and many a tedious calm; after delays in port and intervening towns; detentions in various parts by business or duty; after long traversing of hill and dale and plain, sunny coach-road and shady lane, a man found himself at last within earshot of the bells, the very modest peal, probably, of his own native village—his old Stoke Gabriel, his old Dittisham, his old Dunkeswell, his old Tedburn, or whatever else might chance to be the honest name which, from the time of the Domesday-book, and long before, it had borne.

Ah! he had enjoyed other sounds by the way—the lark in the sky, the redbreast in the hedge, the cuckoo or nightingale in the distant copse. But here was a sound which made him realize the most touchingly of all, the fact that he was now "home in the old country."

One other experience associated with the sound of bells in the beloved mother-land I will not forget, as characteristic of a

past time, although, perhaps, not unmixedly "merry." It is that of the crude young man from Canada, bent on seeing the world and acquiring knowledge as best he could, some fifty years since. Familiar from his infancy only with the sights and sounds, the ideas and customs of a petty settlement in the thick of a Canadian forest, who can forget the first night, at or about that period, passed in London—mysterious, solemn, wonderful London? Lying wakeful in his solitary chamber, in a veritable hostelry of Dr. Samuel Johnson's era, in the heart of "the city," at the Belle Sauvage, we will suppose, or the Bull and Mouth, or the historic Blossoms Inn, in Lawrence Lane, did he not listen in a kind of stupor to the multitudinous bells to the east and west of him, to the north and south of him, sounding out from clock-towers and steeples far and near—

"From Bride's, St. Martin's, Michael's, Overy's, Bow,"

with their chimes and quarter-chimes; while ever and anon there came booming from St. Paul's the final authoritative determination of all differences, in tones how preternaturally deep and awe-inspiring! How thoroughly did these sounds make the raw stripling from the woods feel that he was indeed in a strange place; that he had come within the precincts of another world; with what a sense of loneliness did it fill him; to what a depressing insignificance did it reduce him!

The experience again was similar when he found himself at his inn, in the other great cities, as, for example, in the university towns of Oxford and Cambridge, each of them a kind of second Moscow for belfry-music. But soon, in these last-named places, did the morbid sense of solitude and isolation pass away, after the world-wide famous Christ Church bells, and the equally-renowned peal of Great St. Mary's had fallen a few times upon the ear.

I have not attempted to detail the experience of pilgrims from this continent to heathery Scotland and green Ireland. I am sure that in many an instance it was similar. If peals rung in the English way do not abound in Scotland, it is certain that there are music bells arranged for the execution of national and other airs in the Tron Church in Glasgow, and in St. Giles's, Edinburgh; and in the latter city I observe that the Lord Provost, Sir William Chambers, has quite recently undertaken, at

his own cost, to put in order and render serviceable twenty-three ancient public music bells, as also a peal of eight in St. Giles's. And as to Ireland, there are, as not a few here could testify, English peals in many places, as, for example, in the cathedral of St. Patrick, so munificently restored, bells and all, in 1867, by the late Sir Benjamin Guinness. Also, as I know, in Derry, in Limerick, and in Cork; and I doubt not there has been many an Irishman besides Francis Mahoney ready, on revisiting the latter place after a long absence, to say as he does of a famous peal near that city:

“ I've heard bells chiming  
 Full many a clime in,  
 Tolling sublime in  
     Cathedral shrine ;  
 While at a glibe rate  
 Brass tongues would vibrate—  
 But all this music  
     Spoke not like thine ;

“ For memory dwelling  
 On each proud swelling  
 Of the belfry knelling  
     In bold notes free,  
 Made the bells of Shandon  
 Sound far more grand on  
 The pleasant waters  
     Of the river Lee.”

And not wholly to omit Wales: I am personally aware that English peals are frequent there; and that enthusiastic ringers from that romantic, proud, and musical Principality have been, and perhaps still are, resident amongst us.

And now, as I have already intimated, these sounds of the other hemisphere, so long mere matters of report, or sentimental recollection amongst us, are beginning to be transferred to the American continent—like the London sparrow, and, *in prospectu*, the lark (for the lark, we may suppose, will in due time be heard here, after the Duke of Argyle's suggestion). To the many signs and symbols of advanced civilization in Canada, the crowning trait of merry England has, here and there, been added. No longer now need the emigrant from the British Islands traverse the wide Atlantic to satisfy an old hunger of the heart in this regard. As he sits under his own vine and his own fig

tree, in the country of his adoption, he can, in an increased number of localities, hear now the chimes from a church tower—

“Falling at intervals upon the ear  
In cadence sweet ! now dying all away,  
Now pealing loud again, and louder still !  
Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on.”

We have gained something by all this ; but we have lost something, too. We have lost the exquisite freshness of the gratification referred to when now we encounter it on our occasional visits to the old mother-land for recreation or business.

In a multitude of other respects besides, no longer can the sons and daughters of Ontario have the same keen sense of surprise and enjoyment which their predecessors of the generation passing away so delightfully had, when translated in years gone by, from their usual haunts here to the shores of Great Britain and Ireland, so assimilated have we become to the mother-land in all our surroundings, in city, town, and country.

The places, however, are, as yet, not very numerous in Canada where a peal of church bells, rung in the scientific way, is to be heard. At Quebec there has been one rung in the English style, in the English cathedral, since about the year 1830. Christ Church, Montreal, has not yet been provided with a peal, but it has a *horloge*, which gives the quarters. St. Thomas's Church, in Montreal, has a peal, and the Church of St. James the Apostle is shortly to have one, as I hear. The cathedral of Fredericton has a peal, and also a clock with quarter chimes. St. Ann's, Fredericton, has likewise a peal ; and the church at *Baie des Vents*, New Brunswick, has a peal. St. Paul's, Halifax, the oldest church in Halifax, still a structure of wood, has a peal. In Newfoundland, an English peal has not yet been heard ; but in two places there is a prospect of one. I note, in passing, a remarkable bell at Greenspond, in that island, on account of the beautiful inscription which it bears, in Latin, after the manner of bells in many of the ancient peals,—“*Cano misericordiam et justitiam.*” (“I sing of mercy and judgment.”)

In Newfoundland, as my friend and neighbour, Mr. Pearson, informs me, flags in a great measure take the place of bells. The settlements, for the most part, are at the edge of the sea. When Divine service is about to be held, a flag is run up, as a



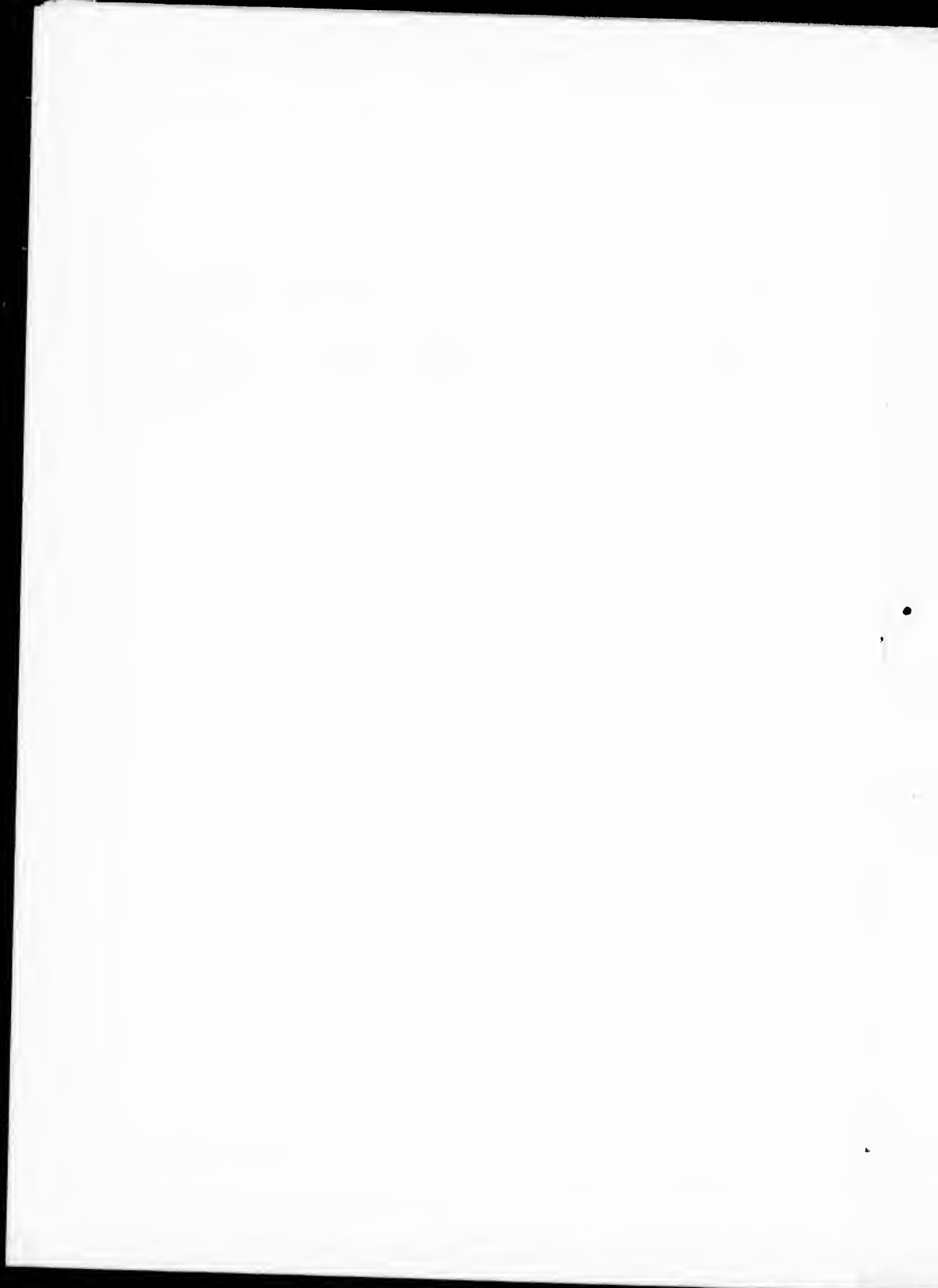
notification of the fact, to the inhabitants on the adjacent coasts. In London, Canada West, as we used to speak, there is a peal; and in the city of Hamilton there is a peal, but not appertaining to the principal church. In the ancient town of Niagara is a peal, in the tower of St. Mark's there, the munificent gift of the Messrs. Dickson, in 1877. In Whitby there is a peal in the Church of All Saints; and at St. Bartholomew's Church, near Ottawa, there is to be forthwith a peal, the gift of Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise of Lorne.

The Cathedral Church of St. James, Toronto, has been in possession of a peal since the year 1865. It is a peal of nine, secured principally through the exertions of the late Thomas Denny Harris. The weight of the largest bell is 4,857 pounds, and that of the smallest 590 pounds. They were, at the outset, occasionally rung by amateur bell-ringers, of whom a goodly few were discovered in Toronto and the neighbourhood, and are, doubtless, latent there still. But the bells are now ordinarily rung by means of ropes attached to the clappers, and passing down to levers below, working in a frame. Mr. Rawlinson, who first presided at this apparatus, soon made the public ear in Toronto familiar with the beautiful permutations of which a peal of nine, handled in the English scientific manner, is capable. In addition to the peal, the tower of St. James's was enriched in 1875 by the acquisition of the "Great Benson Clock," the noble gift of citizens to the Cathedral, on the occasion of the completion of its tower and spire. This clock marks the quarters of each successive hour by a certain combination of musical notes exactly copied from the clock in the tower of the Palace of Parliament at Westminster, which itself is a reproduction of the clock in the belfry of Great St. Mary's, in Cambridge.

Thus, then, step by step, from east to west, has the English chime or peal, harmoniously rung, been extended, and, step by step, we expect it further to extend; and by the time the wave of pleasant sounds has reached the sources of the Saskatchewan, we may feel pretty sure that it will be met by a like undulation moving eastward from British Columbia, where the customs of Old England are, of course, being encouraged and propagated as determinedly as they are here.

Speaking of England and her military posts scattered over the face of the "round world," the memorable words of the

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American orator, Daniel Webster, were: "Her morning drum-beats, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circle the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England." I would rather that we should have it in our power to trace the course of England's march by the advance round the globe of other sounds than martial airs and the drum-beat. In chimes or peals, understood in the English sense and handled in the English way, introduced in an increasing number of places, let us see an omen of the better future. For they ought to be, and I think they generally are, in every community where they are to be heard, the symbols of English sentiment present there—English heartiness, English tolerance, English freedom, civil and religious.

I add here, that in the United States there are blood-brethren of ours who are as intent as ourselves on transferring to their midst this especial English element. Already, at Buffalo and Detroit, peals of bells, scientifically rung, salute the ear of dwellers on the Canadian shore, just as the sweet tones of the chime in the venerable St. Mark's, at Niagara, are regarded as a boon amongst our neighbours on the New York side of the river. And, doubtless, in the coming age, all along the line which is the common limit of the two countries, from Lake Superior to the Pacific, happy interchanges of this kind will be taking place.

I do not think that many of the inhabitants of the places I have named would now willingly forego their chimes and peals. Such things help to make men love their homes and feel satisfied with the land where their lot is cast. They shed a grace on the place of their abode, and minister to the cheerfulness of the scene of their daily avocations. Young and old, gentle and simple, get to be proud of them, where they exist; and they become a kind of public heirloom of the community, which must be guarded and maintained. To the poor they yield one of the few luxuries which they know. To the unlettered and dull-witted they are oftentimes as "songs without words," expressing, for them, natural emotions which they could not themselves interpret in speech. For this, the tutored ear puts up with the thin music of the psalm-tune or secular air, while relishing chiefly the peals and changes.

As to an injunction, said in the public papers to have been lately obtained against the bells of a church in Philadelphia,—

in all probability there was some exceptional self-assertion on the part of those who had the control of them. If so, the injunction was just. We must beware of egotism and selfishness even in bell-ringing. It would be well to suspend on the walls of the bell-chamber, in city churches, some such reminder as this, in the monkish style, but not in the monkish spirit :

“ Nolis intempestivis  
Jure irascitur civis,”

with the interpretation added :

“ With knolls out of season  
Your neighbour quarrels, with reason.”

A mediæval theory was, that it is the duty of towns to follow closely the routine of the monastery. The attempt to reduce such a theory to practice was, of course, Quixotic. But this only in passing.

We of this generation have relinquished the superstitions which, in the matter of bells, were inculcated among our forefathers when in a somewhat low condition of civilization. In giving an imitation of a monkish distich, just now, I slightly anticipated myself. There is a short series of jingles of this kind which I have decided to read to you, simply as curiosities, some of them alluding to the superstitions from which we have been relieved. You are already familiar with portions of this series. You will remember the “Vivos voco: mortuos plango: fulgura frango,” prefixed to Schiller's Lay of the Bell; and the “Sabbata pango: funera plango: solemnia clango,” at the head of Francis Mahoney's (Father Prout's) “Shandon Bells.” You will also recall duplicates of several of them in the Prologue to Longfellow's Golden Legend, where the “Powers of the Air” are represented as trying to tear down the cross on the spire of Strasburg Cathedral.

Of the same stamp as the “Fulgura frango,” “I quell the lightning flashes,” quoted by Schiller, are those given by Longfellow: “Dissipo ventos,” “I disperse the winds,”—where, under “winds,” the evil “spirits of the air” are included—and “Pestem fugo,” “I drive off the plague.” We know, now, if any such effects as these were ever observed to follow the clang of the mediæval bell, they were due, not to any virtue in its metal, but

to the hearty prayers of Christian men and Christian women put up at the bidding of the sound ; or else, under God, that is to say, in accordance with a law of His, to a salutary agitation in the particles of the air, produced by concussion, such as is sought to be brought about in one of the cases contemplated, viz., the approach of pestilence, even in modern times occasionally, by the firing off of heavy ordnance.

As to the other functions of the Bell, as enumerated by the monastic versifiers, we shall be quite willing to say of our modern chimes and peals that they likewise perform them.

Let me read you the whole list, in a completer form than is usually to be met with. I have collected together the parts from Brand's Popular Antiquities, Sir Henry Spelman's Glossary, and other books, in which they lie dispersed, with many discrepancies in the sequence and substance of the clauses. I shall venture to give you the Latin lines themselves for the sake of the sound, in which, I suppose, the ring of an old rude peal is intended to be, to some extent, imitated, before the scientific order, peculiarly insisted on in England, was thought of.

The chief Bell speaks :

*En ego campana : nunquam denuncio vana.  
Vox mea vox vitæ : voco vos : ad sacra venite :  
Defunctos ploro : pestem fugo : festa decoro :  
Laudo Deum verum : plebem voco : congrego clerum :  
Sanctos collaudo : tonitrua fugo : flamina claudio :  
Funera plango : fulgura frango : Sabbata pango :  
Excito lentos : dissipo ventos : paco cruentos.*

I have nowhere seen the whole of these lines turned into English verse to correspond, as doubtless they might be, were it worth the trouble. But I give an attempt in this direction by Richard Warner, quoted in Brand, in regard to two of them.

The chief Bell is again supposed to speak :

*“ Men's death I tell By doleful knell ;  
Lightning and Thunder I break asunder :  
On Sabbath, all To Church I call :  
The sleepy head I raise from bed.  
The winds so fierce I do disperse :  
Men's cruel rage I do assuage.”*

But a plain prose translation of my own I will add, for the sake of the uninitiated ; omitting the clauses of which I have

spoken as now obsolete. We shall see that our chimes and peals at this day say much the same as they did to our forefathers.

Once more the chief Bell speaks :

“Lo! I the church-bell send down no empty spell [message] (the rhyme is accidental) : my voice is a vital voice : I bid you come to the sacred rites : I wail the dead : I add grace to festivals : I sound to the praise of the true God. I summon the laity. I gather the clergy. I sound out the lauds of all the holy ones. I toll to the funeral. I mark the days of rest. I rouse the sluggish. I calm the sanguinary.”

To the extent here indicated are we not all content to have our bells gifted with speech, and possessed of meaning in their music ? Are we not all ready to have them mark our Sabbaths, to render cheerful our holy days and festive seasons : to summon our pastors and those who work with them, to their weekly or daily gatherings, and to their annual conjoint assemblies ? Would we not have them, so far as they may, rouse the lukewarm, and soothe the contentious ? Would we not have them lend a decent solemnity to the obsequies of the dead, and give expression to the community's fellow-feeling when one of its number suffers bereavement ?

These uses of the bell are such as the common sense of mankind will pronounce apt and legitimate ; and for purposes such as these the bell will doubtless continue to be employed in the years that are to come. We thus accept the bell simply as an implement of convenience. We lay no stress upon it. We have learned well to draw the line between its abuse and its use. In this case, as in so many others in these days, we have come back to the first use. It was simply in the ways just described that bells in the first instance were employed in Christian churches. The superstitions that gathered around them, as about other things, in the lapse of time, were all after-thoughts. But while regarding the bell as a thing indifferent, I think every one will allow that when rung in connection with divine service or solemn gatherings for any purpose, it should be rung, both when hanging alone and when associated with a peal, with due submission to a canon above dispute in every church : “Let all things be done with an eye to seemliness, and in accordance with authorized rule.”

I am so far superstitious, however, as to entertain the notion

that the application of the bell to purposes connected with religion imparts a quantum of sacredness to it, in its secular relations, somewhat as the wave-sheaf had a consecrating effect, by representation, on all the sheaves of the harvest-field. To what serious uses is the secular bell now put! It summons the men, the women, the children of a community, to and from their several avocations every day—in the warehouse, in the factory, in the foundry, in the school. It renders service of incalculable importance, through the intervention of electricity, in the case of fire. It gives signals, preservative of life and limb and property, in locomotion by steam, on land and water, and in the conduct of navigation in our harbours, and along our rivers and canals.

The use of one and the same instrument, viz., the bell, for serious practical purposes, in the two departments of religion and ordinary life, tends, I say, to beget, in my own mind at least, the abiding thought, that all the activities of man might and ought, in some intelligible sense, to be consecrated to the great God who has endowed man with all the power which he possesses to put forth those activities. I aim to encourage this thought, which I know, as a matter of fact, exists, and is fruitful, in not a few. And thus it is that what the Christian poet says proves true:

“ There are in the loud stunning tide  
Of human care and crime,  
[Those] with whom the melodies abide  
Of the everlasting chime,—  
Who carry music in their heart  
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,  
Plying their daily task with busier feet,  
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.”

As a conclusion to my remarks on “English Chimes in Canada,” I transcribe a passage which will immediately be recognised as taken from Tennyson’s fine and profound series of musings entitled “In Memoriam.” The words which I shall read were in the first instance suggested to the poet by the sound of a peal heard, near midnight, ringing the old year out and the new year in. These lines have become classic in the English language; and they occur to me now as a not inapt embodiment of aspirations, which may possibly arise in the hearts of many amongst us whenever they hear in our young country the chiming of bells:



a luxury which, though still novel to our ears now, will probably henceforward be a thing of use and wont in our midst.

We are drawing near the close of the nineteenth century. If within the compass of a lifetime our eyes have seen such advances as those of which I spoke at the beginning of this address, made on this continent under conditions in many respects adverse, what may not be the scenes of beauty, physical and moral, over which our descendants may be summoned to rejoice, as they draw equally near the close of the twentieth century, under conditions every way more favourable!

The poet whose words I am about to cite wrote in the motherland, and his utterances have their primary application there. He glances at ills having existence there; but ills which are all, by wise legislation and enlightened social effort, in process of being removed out of the way, and replaced, each by its opposite good. So far as the ills alluded to have been transported hither, or to any other region of our continent, as in a degree they inevitably have been, there is no one, I think, amongst us who will refuse his Amen! to each of the poet's aspirations when he hears them, or whenever hereafter they may be suggested to him by the chiming of bells or otherwise. The ills spoken of cannot have become inveterate with us. Plastic for good as well as evil, a young society like ours may all the more easily throw them off, and, under the Divine guidance, mould itself to the desired shape and condition.

Tennyson, as we shall observe, speaks of ringing out the old and ringing in the new; not, of course, the old as such, nor the new as such. It would ill become us who are among the first-born, as it were, of a nation and people having their root in a far, wonderful and glorious past—it would ill become Christian men and Christian women, anywhere, of whatever name, who appeal for justification of themselves, in a thousand points, to precedents and records of transcendent antiquity, to exclaim against the old in the abstract, or to clamour for the new in the abstract. But, as explained immediately, by "old" the poet means the false, which has become invested with the prescription of age; and by "new" he means the true, which, from having been long disguised, overlaid, and hidden, unhappily seems an innovation, and strange when restored. And when, after glancing at the ills which he bemoans, and at the boons and blessings for which he yearns—

after invoking light wherever he sees darkness, he sums up all by a passionate cry for the Christ that is to be—he expresses thus, in one word, the anticipation which in the ages all along prophets and true poets have indulged, of a day in store for Christendom and the human race, when men and women, with a simplified faith and a more truthful conception of their relation to the Father of spirits and their fellow-creatures, will have grace and power to lead lives calmer, happier, worthier, and more fruitful than the most of their ancestors in preceding years were apparently able to do.

The passage of the "In Memoriam" to which I refer reads thus :

Ring out the old, ring in the new, \* \*  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly-dying cause  
And ancient forms of party strife ;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times ;  
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite ;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the CHRIST that is to be.

## APPENDIX.

*(Extract from an address which followed the reading of the preceding paper.)*

It will be remembered by most of you that in 1873 the congregation of St. James' Cathedral completed their tower and spire, in accordance with the original design of the building. I need not say what a noble finish was thereby given to our King Street in the eyes of those who have occasion to traverse portions of it every day from west to east or east to west. Nay, I ought rather to say, what a noble finish was thereby given to the whole city; for, as a composition in the artistic sense, the view of Toronto, in very nearly every direction, is made complete by the prominence and pre-eminence of the cathedral spire. Especially, I should add, is the steeple of St. James' hailed and remembered as "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," by hundreds every year who make their first acquaintance with Toronto during their approach to it by water from the south. The congregation of St. James', however, some years before they supplied the general picture of Toronto with a fine central object, had conferred on the whole city the boon of a magnificent peal of nine bells. On rebuilding the church after the great fire of 1849, the tower-portion of the edifice was carried up only to the level of the cresting over the nave. When the bells were procured, the tower was built up a stage higher, mainly through the zeal and industry of the ladies of the congregation, so as to form a chamber for the reception of the bells; but the half-finished condition of the steeple still had, of necessity, a disfiguring effect upon the edifice, and on the general panorama of the city; until,

as I have said, in 1873, the whole structure of the cathedral was happily completed, in great measure through the strong representations and enlightened advocacy of Col. Gzowski. Up to the time of the destruction of the church in 1849, there had been but one bell attached to St. James's, a bell of about 260 pounds in weight, imported from England probably soon after the year 1818, when the original St. James's, a humble structure of wood, was enlarged by Dr. Strachan, and provided, for the first time, with a steeple. The bell, a mere bagatelle for size as we should now deem it, was nevertheless ponderous enough to shake the tower and the whole edifice quite sensibly, at every stroke of its clapper, as I used, as a boy, to observe every Sunday, when seated in one of the pews below. This bell, suspended in an open turret at the top of the tower, also did duty as the one common fire-alarm for the town; for which purpose there was a hammer arranged underneath, lifted up and down, by a cord coming up from below. As to the tone of this first bell, if any one desires to recall it, its exact counterpart was that of the bell of St. Mark's church, Niagara, up to 1877; and it can still be heard coming from that bell now hung, I am glad to learn, in the turret of the Brock Memorial Church at Queenston, to which edifice St. Mark's congregation generously consigned their old and beloved Sunday-monitor after a service of precisely fifty years, when the Messrs. Dickson, of Niagara, in 1873, presented St. Mark's with the munificent gift of a peal of six bells.

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The original solitary bell of St. James's church came to a violent end. It perished in the great fire of 1849, when its molten metal bespattered the pavement at the foot of the tower, mixed up with that of Mr. Attorney-General Draper's clock which perished at the same time, performing its functions and actually giving out the hour at the moment the cruel flames reached its vitals and put a sudden stop to its utterance. The successor of this bell in the new church was one of about five thousand pounds in weight, and of a very fine tone, but, not working well with the peal provided in 1873, it was exchanged for the present great bell. While supplying themselves with a noble place of worship, and furnishing it with customary appliances, the congregation of St. James's, as I have observed, conferred important benefits on the city. A beautiful building in a conspicuous situation, and a peal of bells handled with skill, science, taste and feeling, cannot but be sources of pleasure to a whole community. All this was felt by a thoughtful few among the citizens; and the practical outcome of the feeling at length was—the presentation to St. James's cathedral, as a free gift, of the magnificent and costly clock which now tells out the hours from the steeple of that building. This incident will, I think, be regarded in future times as one of the most interesting to be met with in the contemporary annals of Toronto. Here was a purely voluntary offering on the part of friends in no way connected with the cathedral church; but it was noted by these outside friends what the congregation of St. James's, consciously or unconsciously, had effected: it was remembered that that church was literally the mother-church of the place; that it was the first house of Public Worship ever erected in the city; it was known also that it had been its lot to encounter a singular series of disasters: and now, when, after the lapse of many years, it had at last been permitted to stand forth before the eyes of all, as an architectural whole, with the appendages intended to

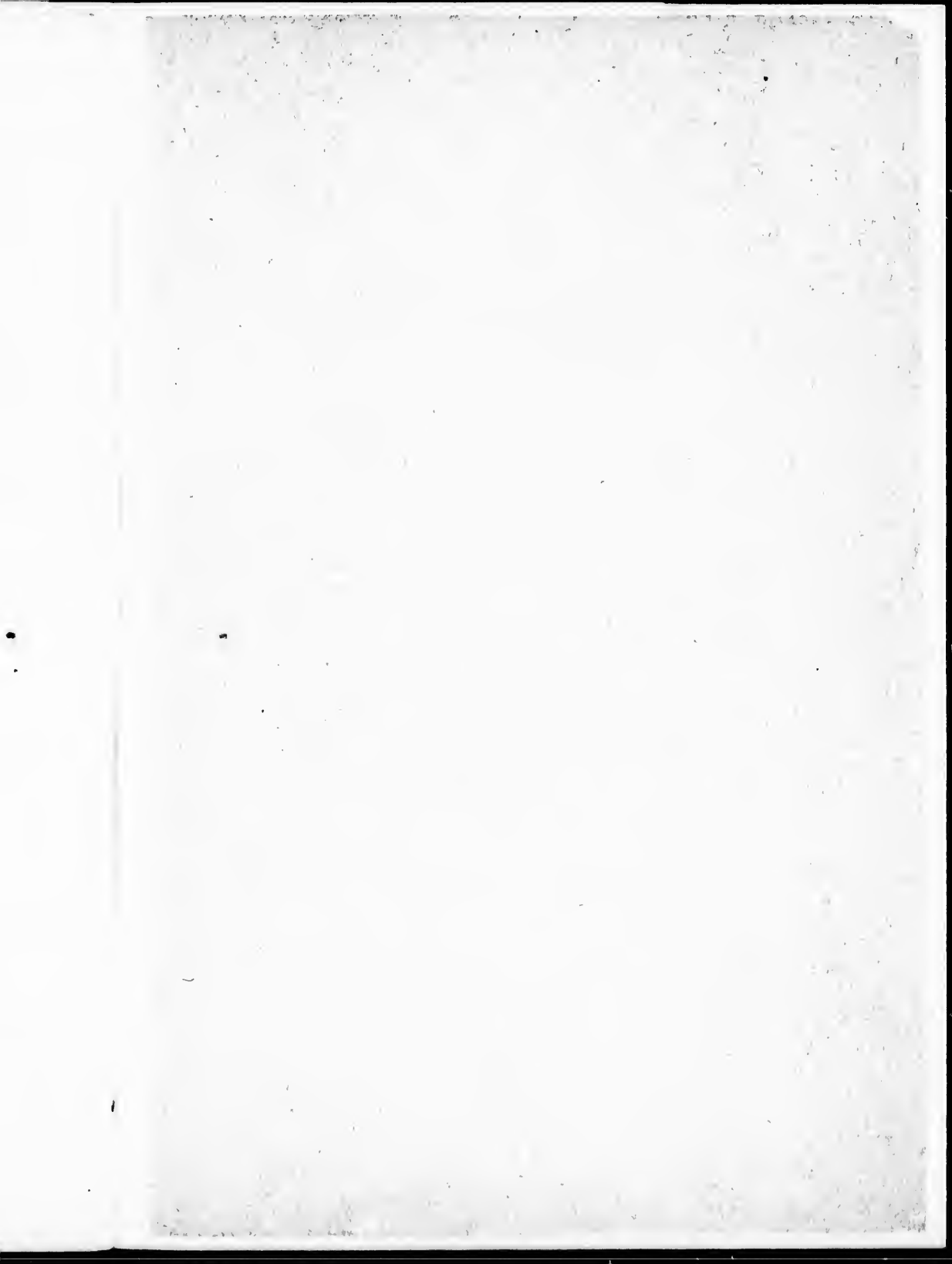
give it a due dignity, complete, the massive pinnacles of its apsidal chancel, its five pinnacles, its turrets, its bell-tower, its finely-proportioned spire, to its very apex all perfected; boasting also the possession of a peal of nine musical bells; now it was, I say, that these generous outside friends bethought them of welcoming, so to speak, the finished edifice by making its already very complete equipment, complete still, by an addition most desirable and most appropriate. They purchased, by a voluntary subscription, at great cost, and placed in its bell-tower, the "Great Benson Clock," so-called, a magnificent piece of workmanship, already of world-wide reputation, it having been pronounced without a rival at three of the great International Expositions; at that of London in 1862, that of Paris in 1867, and that of Vienna in 1873, the only similar piece of mechanism held to be its superior bell; that which is now one of the sights and boasts of the capital of the empire, the great Clock of Dent and Beckett in the clock-tower of the Palace of Parliament at Westminster. Like that noble specimen of human skill and ingenuity, the clock presented to St. James's reproduces also the famous quarter-chimes of Great St. Mary's Church, in Cambridge, arranged in 1780, exactly one hundred years ago, by Dr. Crotch from notes supplied by Handel. I give the names, so far as I have been able to recover them, of the committee of citizens who undertook and carried out this work of disinterested good-will:—Mr. Alex. Hamilton, Mr. John Paterson, Mr. Laidlaw (the head and front and moving spirit of the whole enterprise), Mr. Samuel, Mr. Davidson, Mr. Davy, Capt. Edwards, Mr. Ramsay. The more I think of the action of these friends and their co-workers, the more I am impressed with the generosity and magnanimity which it displays; and I cannot help feeling conscious that it has as yet been recognized and adequately realized by only a few amongst us. To me the incident seems as a cheering omen to be joined to others, of the better time destined, as I hope, to dawn

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upon us or our descendants. It is now desired by the original donors of the "Great Benson Clock," and by others, to render that gift still more effective and of wider utility in the community. The present dial-plates are found to be rather small. If brought into nearer accord with the proportion observed between the height above the pavement and the size of the dial-plates in the clock-tower of the Palace of Parliament at Westminster, their proper size would be about fifteen feet across instead of seven. There can be no doubt the convenience and benefit accruing to the public by day and by night, from the clock, would be thus greatly extended. Persons engaged in the service of the community, in a hundred useful and important ways, would oftentimes be thankful for it.

the cabman, the policeman, the night-watchman, the attendant on the sick; now and then a solitary invalid, here and there, would himself be thankful for it. Moreover, the increased illuminated area of its four sides would render St. James's tower a not unwelcome additional beacon and landmark to mariners and others far out upon Lake Ontario. The architects, Messrs. Langley, Langley & Burke, have shown that the proposed improvement is quite practicable. If now the original donors of the clock desire this enlargement of the dials, and are themselves willing still to assist in thus enhancing the value of their gift, I think it would be a graceful and becoming thing in young and old amongst us to lend a helping-hand in bringing about the expected result.





# THE QUARTER-CHIMES

OF

## ST. JAMES'S CATHEDRAL CLOCK.

